EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

AMERICAN POLICY ON ISRAEL

THE Nation

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THE TIME & LIFE OF LUCE

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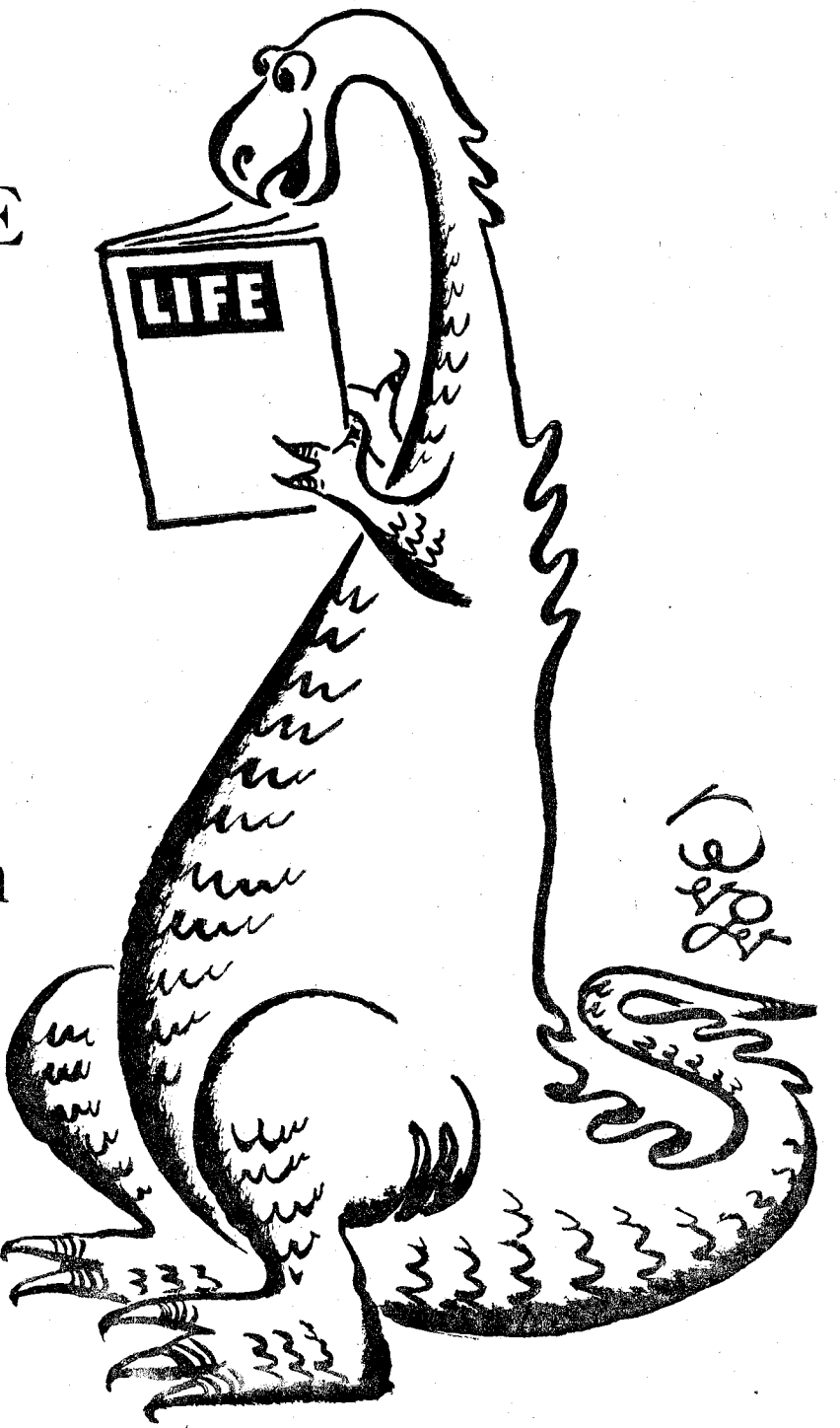
Mr. Stevenson on Jim Crow

by Carey McWilliams



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Monster Rally at Montgomery

Montgomery, Alabama

DISASTERS come in threes, the saying goes, and this city—convulsed by a bus boycott that has seen two Negro homes bombed, and shaken by the reverberations of the University of Alabama riots—had Senator Eastland as a public speaker the night of February 10. He appeared under the auspices of the Central Alabama Citizens Council. Sharing the spotlight with him were Georgia's Attorney General Eugene Cook and Robert Patterson, executive secretary of the Mississippi Citizens Councils.

Site of the meeting was an elaborate cow palace, the state agricultural coliseum, which seats 15,000, and it was filled to near-capacity. The crowd, a broad cross-section of social levels, age groups and sexes, showed every sign of being keyed up, ready for blood. For weeks, public officials and the newspapers had been building up "the NAACP threat to our social fabric" in connection with the refusal of the Negro community to accept discriminatory seating on transit buses. The Montgomery city commission had recently joined the Citizens Council as part of a "get-tough" drive against the boycotters. The commission was on hand to greet the crowd, pledging 100 per cent support. It was rumored that the out-of-town delegations had come armed.

WITH such a beginning, the evening looked as though it would add another coat to the black reputation Alabama currently enjoys over the world. W. C. C. chieftain Patterson groped for the trigger when he said that in former days people from Alabama used to come to Mississippi for inspiration, but now, after "the recent stand taken by Alabamians" Mississippi could only express its admiration.

Next before the mike was Attorney General Cook, a small man with a big voice. He devoted most of his talk to describing his herculean acts of defiance toward the "mulatto decision" of the Supreme Court. But he, too, courted the crowd's passions with declarations like: "I shudder to think when the masses of my state begin to move in self-defense and in defense of the integrity of the Negro race." And: "It is time for mass action."

Then Eastland took over, waving both hands in the air in promise of the rousing benediction to come, as the hired band in the balcony played *Dixie*. He got a big response when he said he had attended the University of Alabama, and a bigger one when he envisioned "a new and bright star gleaming in the crown of Alabama." But he confused his auditors when he explained he meant that Alabama's legislators had been the first in the nation to pass an "interposition" resolution voiding the federal segregation decisions. And when he said, "No man should be mistreated. Acts of violence hurt the cause all over the South," the applause was nominal.

Reflecting the close connections his Internal Security subcommittee has enjoyed with the American Legion, he damned the Ford Foundation, labor unions and UNESCO for their supposed advocacy of integration. The accusations passed in silence, except one hoarse partisan was inspired to yell, "Throw the United Nations out!" The Senator bowed gratefully.

When Eastland got wound up in the dizzy question of the illegality of federal legality and the legality of state illegality—like a dog chasing its tail—people began walking out in a steady stream. Yet it was only 9:30 P. M. To my left, a man jammed on his hat and said, "Looks like half of them only came out of curiosity," before he dashed down the ramp. To my right, the woman whose copy of the W. C. C. house organ *Southerner* I had borrowed declared: "All this talk won't do any good. They ought to follow the Bible, it tells what to do in there." Then she departed. The morning paper reported that the Senator, noticing the exodus, skipped six pages of his prepared text.

Eastland, the opiate of the Southern people, really put them to sleep. And climaxing the anticlimax was a final, comic lack of rapport between him and the council brethren. "My desk in the Senate is next to that of Lister Hill," he said and a claque of the doggedly faithful immediately began booing Montgomery's native son. Eastland fidgeted, then finished his thought: "And I want to say that when issues affecting the South have come up, both he and John Sparkman have always taken the right side." Applause from the undaunted claque.

THUS, after an admonition from the chairman to go home in a "peaceful and law-abiding fashion," the monster rally ended—not with a bang, but a yawn. Resentment at the progress of integration had brought the crowd to the meeting. They wanted to hear somebody talk "big" and "dirty" about racial problems. When the speakers put on the toga of constitutional experts, interest flagged: the pipe dream of "nullification, defiance and refusal to obey" is too fragile to sustain the weight of ponderous justification.

As Governor James E. Folsom said in connection with the university riots: "Some people in Alabama may oppose the Supreme Court decision and some favor it, but I am sure that 98 per cent of the people of the state respect duly constituted authority."

ALFRED MAUND

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Mr. Stevenson on Jim Crow . . *by Carey McWilliams*

ADLAI STEVENSON, speaking in Los Angeles, has told us what his philosophy of political "moderation" means in terms of civil rights. What he had to say on this, "the hardest and most dangerous internal American issue" (Walter Lippman), will disappoint those Americans, Negro and white alike, who have long admired him for his decency, his candor, his intelligence and the forthright positions he has taken on many significant issues.

His statement was inadequate on numerous counts. In the first place, Mr. Stevenson has misjudged the acuteness of the issue and the temper of national and world opinion in relation to it. He must know that his remarks will be widely noted abroad. His, after all, is the voice of *liberal* America. His suggestion that only "gradual" means will settle the segregation issue will not be greeted with enthusiasm in Africa, the Middle East or Asia, nor is it likely to be much more widely applauded here. The NAACP has not been provocative or aggressive in pressing for integration; the struggle began quite some years back, with the Gaines case, in 1938. On occasion, indeed, the leadership of this admirable organization has been under severe criticism from its own rank and file precisely because its approach has been gradual and "legalistic," based on the assumption that Negro advancement must proceed from one hard-won precedent to the next. Mr. Stevenson's great hero—he is ours, too—may appear in historical retrospect to have been a gradualist; but Lincoln's was a radical position at the time. And the "gradual" approach made a great deal more sense in 1865 than it does today.

Furthermore, Mr. Stevenson's reference to a "gradual" approach is historically off-key. It is as though he had gotten his centuries mixed up and were speaking, perhaps, of the Force Bill of the 1890's or the use of federal troops during the Reconstruction period. The warning against the use of "troops and bayonets" seems out of place when the immediate issue relates merely to the enforcement of an injunction issued by a federal district court. As to his other warning that we must not provoke "ugly reactions," it would seem that they have already been provoked. Senator Eastland's speeches, the agitation of the White Citizens Council and the Till murder case are all ugly reactions to the Southern Negro's struggle for equality. Law enforcement will not stimulate uglier reactions. By telling us that his "main concern" is with the right to vote, Mr. Stevenson implies that the right of Negroes to attend tax-supported colleges and universities in the South is less urgent. But it will not be any easier to safeguard the Negro's right to vote in Mississippi than it will be to enforce the right of a qualified Negro student to enroll in the University of Alabama.

Unwilling to say anything now which might hamper his effectiveness as a possible next President, Mr. Stevenson is quite willing to say, in the same context, that it would be a "great mistake" to use force, if necessary, to secure compliance with the decisions of the Supreme Court. This, it should be obvious, is precisely the kind of statement that would tie his hands should he become President. And when he says that he is not sure he understands what the doctrine of "interposition" means, one can only conclude that he prefers *not* to understand. The meaning is clear enough. Senator Eastland, a member of Mr. Stevenson's own party, made the meaning clear in a recent speech in which he said of the members of the Supreme Court that "the time has come when the bit and curb must be placed on these unfaithful guardians of our heritage, rights and liberties."

THE GREATEST force for better race relations, Mr. Stevenson tells us, would be to expand and strengthen the educational system for all the states. But he is opposed to the proposed Powell amendment (it would deny federal aid to school systems not in compliance with the Supreme Court's decisions): "You should not cut off your nose to spite your face." Both statements betray a misunderstanding of the basic issue. From an educational point of view, there is no substitute for integrated schools. Gathering dust on library shelves these many years are yards of studies which could be cited to prove, for example, that segregation in public housing projects tends to perpetuate racial myths and stereotypes, whereas integrated occupancy has the opposite effect. And the same with schools. What could be better calculated to perpetuate a feeling of racial superiority among school-age youngsters than the social fact—more impressive than any amount of instruction or exhortation—that Negro children are thought to be so degraded and inferior that they must be corralled in separate schools? Proponents of the Powell amendment argue persuasively that federal aid without the safeguard against discrimination would retard integration

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by a decade or more. They point out, for example, that federal funds could be used by Southern states to build more segregated schools; the added investment would then be cited as a further reason why it was inexpedient to proceed with integration. To this contention it is a dusty answer indeed that Negroes can always seek redress in the courts; that's what they have been doing all these years. If federal aid to education is rejected it will not be because of the Powell amendment; rather it will be because a majority in Congress was unwilling to support the Supreme Court's unanimous decision. (And there will, of course, be other explanations; see, for example, Donald Cox's article in this issue, page 193). Under the circumstances, therefore, the emphasis on a "gradual" approach is more likely to retard and complicate the solution of the desegregation problem than to advance it.

Somehow one suspects that the real reason for the opposition of some liberals to the Powell amendment is not that it would prevent passage of a school-aid bill, but that it would embarrass certain liberal Democrats from the South who are up for re-election this year and are faced with primary fights. One can sympathize with these Senators and Congressmen but there are other Southerners who have a stronger claim to our sympathies. A section of the faculty and student body at the University of Alabama would, one may infer, support the use of force if it were necessary to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful rioting which occurred at Tuscaloosa. Liberals in the North cannot afford to be less courageous or forthright. And what about the effect of liberal opinion in the North on the morale of Southern Negroes whose current open resistance to segregation, with all the risks involved, is one of the big new factors in the so-called race problem?

But these are really minor considerations; at stake is a great principle. Federal funds should never be appropriated in a manner that encourages discrimination against certain citizens in favor of others on the score of race. This principle has been violated for years; the correction is long overdue. For example, the NAACP estimates that federal funds to the tune of $75,000,000 annually now go to the "five most recalcitrant" states in the South for educational purposes, and are there used in a manner which discriminates against Negroes. We should not perpetuate or extend this discrimination; we should stop it altogether.

AND THEN there is Miss Lucy. Could Mr. Stevenson have picked a worse time, one wonders, to apply his "moderate" philosophy to the key issue of civil rights than the week in which Autherine Lucy was dominating the national news and creating an international sensation? When we were preparing to observe the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln? When Brotherhood Week was on the agenda? Miss Lucy is twenty-six years old. Miss Lucy is a human being. Miss Lucy is an unmistakable symbol of why it is we cannot observe Lincoln's birthday or Brotherhood Week without national embarrassment. No amount of rhetoric will dispense with Miss Lucy. "I don't think I'm asking for anything I am not entitled to," she says; need she be more eloquent? No one has a moral right to ask Miss Lucy not to enroll at the University of Alabama—and least of all because it happens to be an election year and the resulting agitation might prove embarrassing to a fine Democratic Senator from that state. Miss Lucy's generation of Southern Negroes and the one in its wake are entitled to equal educational opportunities now, not at some future date. And they can have it, too, if the rest of us do not suffer a failure of nerve in an election year. The Jim Crow social structure of the South will not, it is true, collapse automatically; but it is rotten and disintegrating. Steady, firm pressure, applied with "malice toward none," will bring it down, not forty years hence but in this decade.

Nothing could be more unrealistic, therefore, than Mr. Stevenson's piously expressed hope that "desegregation" should not be made an issue in this campaign. Some 42,000 Negroes have carried out a superbly disciplined seventy-day mass boycott of the Jim Crow buses in Montgomery that must rank as a major American political phenomenon. One of the leaders of this movement recently said to Robert S. Bird of the New York *Herald Tribune:* "He [the white man] feels that outsiders—agitators—are behind this boycott. He doesn't know that this flows from the heart of every one of the nearly 50,000 Negroes of Montgomery." This is what Mr. Stevenson does not understand, for if he did he

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would want to back the Southern Negro to the hilt in the fight for full equality. Not understanding, Mr. Stevenson has permitted Governor Harriman to undercut his soft impeachment of Jim Crow by a first-rate statement which specifically endorses the Powell amendment, thereby increasing the chances that it will be made an issue. By his lack of understanding or feeling for the position of the Southern Negro, Mr. Stevenson is rapidly creating a political situation which, should he become the Democratic nominee, the Republicans could exploit to excellent advantage.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Stevenson is endangering the chances of the Democratic Party by muffing the one great issue on which evervone has a right to expect candidates and parties to take a position in this year's campaign. Senator John Kennedy, among others, has shrewdly spotted the "political quandary" faced by the Democrats: can they afford to be more "moderate" than the Republicans? And he is right in saying that the Democrats must take a stand in support of the Supreme Court's decisions.

In *The Nation* of January 28 we suggested that it was unwise for liberals to climb aboard the Stevenson or any other bandwagon at this time. The time may come when liberals, of all varieties, will be grateful for the opportunity of supporting Mr. Stevenson. But that time is not yet.

THE NATION is neither against Mr. Stevenson nor for Senator Kefauver—at this time. Nor is it for President Eisenhower, Governor Herter or Chief Justice Warren. The fact is that we would like to find a candidate, Democratic or Republican, whose views on foreign policy were consistent with his liberalism on domestic issues and who would take a much stronger stand on the key issue of civil rights than Mr. Stevenson has taken to date. It is not, as we see it, the function of a liberal journal of opinion to endorse candidates with uncritical enthusiasm simply because they are charming and intelligent, high-minded and well-mannered, or because they once conducted a courageous and spirited campaign in a lost cause.

American Policy on Israel

THE UNITED STATES government has lately been talking about putting teeth into the West's peace preservation plan for the Middle East. But the question remains: if it comes to biting an aggressor, will our denture fall out? The truth is that the Eisenhower Administration has only a vague policy on Israel.

In a letter sent to a group of Republican Congressmen last week Secretary Dulles declared that U. S. policy embraces the preservation of Israel. But to what sort of an Israel are we committed? Is it to be a viable state? Or is it to be fashioned in Dulles' image and eternally teetering on the brink?

The Secretary of State has been telling his confidants that his major aim is an Arab-Israeli settlement. He hopes agreement on financing and building the Nile dam at Aswan will enable the U. S. and Britain to lead Egypt toward accommodation with Israel. But the terms envisaged for an Arab-Israeli peace are swathed in familiar Dullesian mists. It is all as fuzzy as Dulles' policy statement of last August 26, offering an American guarantee of Arab-Israeli boundaries if the two sides could first agree on their frontiers.

It is not surprising that we lack a clear program. The State Department is divided. At the one extreme are those ready to pay the Arabs almost any price to safeguard American strategic interests in the north—in Morocco, Libya and Iraq—and to protect U. S. oil interests in the south—in Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf area. At the other extreme are those who think the Arabs are bluffing and that we needn't wrench our backs kowtowing to them. Between these two schools in the State Department there are many shades. Some regard Israel as a nuisance, but none is inclined to sacrifice the Jewish state. The men around Dulles doubt that an Arab-Israeli settlement is possible in the foreseeable future. That may explain a shift of emphasis in the wake of Sir Anthony Eden's visit to Washington.

In contrast to the State Department, the British Foreign Office is monolithic on the Middle East. Its preferred solution is to cut off a big slice of the Negev, Israel's southern province, and hand it to Egypt. In return, the Arabs would recognize the state of Israel and agree to non-repatriation of the great mass of the 900,000 refugees from Palestine. Cession of part of the Negev on the scale contemplated by the British would create a common frontier between Egypt and Jordan. For real or imagined strategic advantages, Britain seems more concerned to establish this link than are the Egyptians and Jordanians.

Those who followed the Eisenhower-Eden discussions and their aftermath noticed that talk of Israeli territorial concessions has subsided. The conversations between the two heads of government revolved less on peace and how to attain it than on war and how to avert it. And in moving from Arab-Israeli settlement efforts to war prevention, the U. S. and Britain are leaning on the 1950 declaration in which France joined them. It pledged the three Western powers to deter aggression, whether by Arabs or Israelis. But in the intervening years, the declaration has been eroded by many clashes.

United States behavior also diminished its value. We supported the United Nations in chiding the guilty ones after frontier bloodshed, but we did little to forestall it. We put undue strain on the precarious situation by launching the Baghdad Pact without anticipating the resultant cleavage in the Arab camp. Having let conditions become so inflammable, our prospect of engineer-

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ing a friendly settlement is slim. President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Eden moved toward war prevention in the Middle East because they believe the crisis there is too explosive to permit successful peace talks now. They decided that the 1949 armistice must stand until the antagonists are ready to come to terms.

A State Department official would risk his neck if he were to predict that in the long run the West may decide to invite the Russians to join in measures to keep the peace in the Middle East. That course was urged by Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the British Labor Party, in a House of Commons speech on the eve of Eden's departure for Washington. Advising an approach to Moscow, Gaitskell said, "That is not a dangerous thing to do, because if the Russians agree it means they will have to give up the type of intervention on which they have just embarked, and if they refuse we should know better where we stand." Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd rejected Gaitskell's proposal.

THE IDEA of trying to come to an understanding with the Soviets is even less acceptable to the Eisenhower Administration, although a couple of its experts in that field privately say it would be wise to test that course. Nobody has told the American people that it will be impossible—short of war—to bar the Soviets from the Middle East, and war is no part of the immediate reckoning.

Eisenhower and Eden are cold toward the idea of putting a U. N. force between the Arabs and the Israelis. Russia could claim participation in such a force or it could veto the whole plan in the Security Council. The President and Prime Minister envisage two alternative methods: One is to increase from about forty to some 200 the number of U. N. truce observers and to equip them with a few helicopters, the better to watch eventual troublemakers. These small, unarmed teams could only report but not thwart an attack by either side. Enlargement of the armistice supervisory group is therefore of questionable value. The second and more serious project is to make Western forces in the area available to deter aggression. The U. S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean is a formidable naval and air power. The 14,000 British troops on Cyprus could cooperate—at least those who can be spared from sitting on the Cypriots. The French would supply token units, but are too preoccupied in North Africa to police other regions.

Tripower discussions continue in Washington. Before taking military action against an aggressor, the powers propose to enforce financial or economic penalties. Financial sanctions in fact would be ruinous for Israel with its reliance on the flow of dollars from America. The Arabs could be hurt if deprived of fuel and industrial imports. These are among the measures which the Western Big Three are planning to hold in reserve. When it comes to possible military intervention, difficulties arise. Such action could prompt Russia to claim an equal right to intercede. Furthermore, a punitive expedition would exude too pungent an odor of colonialism unless the nations to be protected are associated with these schemes.

U. S. authorities have been unable to meet another objection. How many days would pass in consultation with Congress, with the United Nations and among Allies, before any U. S. forces in the area could strike at an attacker? The time needed for these procedures must be contrasted with the minutes a jet bomber requires to complete a frightful raid. At present Egypt, said to have thirty to forty Soviet IL-28's, is the only nation in the region possessing jet bombers. U. S. diplomats lack an answer to the disparity between lightning attack and relatively slow intervention.

Dulles has shelved Israel's three-month-old request for some $50 million worth of arms. In doing so, he mentioned two factors. One is Israel's 2,000,000 population, compared with more than 40,000,000 Arabs. The other is the huge Soviet-bloc arms supply on which the Arabs might draw to exceed the volume of weapons sold to Israel. This reasoning ignores certain facts. The Arab nations have a limited capacity to absorb a vast arsenal without letting it rust, and are deficient in the technical skills needed to master modern armaments. The West is still committed to maintain a certain Arab-Israeli military equilibrium. Egypt mortgaged an entire year's cotton crop to pay for part of its limited purchase of Soviet-bloc weapons; neither Egypt nor other Arab states can afford to buy more large stores of Soviet military equipment. And as to the population factor, nobody has suggested that because Red China has 600,000,000 people, all smaller Asian states should resign themselves to being defenseless.

The Last Hurrah

Remember those bitter complaints of yesteryear in which Franklin D. Roosevelt was forever being arraigned as the principal supporter of the corrupt city bosses, the man who kept the city machines intact? It is only a decade since F. D. R. died but this phase of the record is already being corrected and by some of his severest critics. In a recent column of high praise for Edwin O'Connor's novel *The Last Hurrah*—a thinly-disguised account of the career of the Honorable James M. Curley in Boston politics—John O'Donnell acknowledges that it was F. D. R. who, by shifting patronage from the local to the federal level, consigned the old-line bosses to political oblivion. Mr. O'Connor is even more explicit. "All the old boys hate Roosevelt," he said in a recent interview, "thinking of him as a master of perfidy. He finished them. The old boys needed the environment of a highly localized society. Roosevelt took that away. Guys coming back from the war didn't go to the ward boss for help, but they went to the government. And they'll never go back." So it would seem that it was F. D. R. and not Boston's "purple shamrock," James M. Curley, and his counterparts, who was really entitled to the last grand hurrah.

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RUSSIA'S HOPES FOR 1960

Steel, Power and Food . . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

THE DRAFT of the next Russian five-year plan, which is to be discussed when the Congress of the Soviet Communist Party meets in the middle of February, has already caused a good deal of excitement in the world press. Our anti-Russian papers tend to go from one extreme to the other. In the past, anything the Russians proposed to do was bound to fail. Now the same experts go into anxious ecstasies over the "tremendous power" of Soviet organization, of Soviet brains, of Soviet planning.

No doubt, the Russians are no fools, and, by a tremendous effort, they managed, before it was too late, to start manufacturing A-bombs and H-bombs and, for all we know, intercontinental rockets. From their point of view, these give them a margin of security they lacked five or six years ago.

But I still don't see why writers who, only two years ago, thought that Russians were like "the old man of Thermopylae, who never did anything properly," should now feel bound to "reveal" to the world that the latest Russian five-year plan can only leave us speechless with admiration. I have waded through the columns and columns of this plan, and find it a perfectly logical sequel to the two other five-year plans which the Russians have completed since the war ended. Just that—and no more. The tempo of increase is not as fantastic as some have suggested. According to Soviet standards, it is quite normal: a little faster than before in some branches of production, a little slower in a few others. There is no question yet of "surpassing the United States" industrially during the next five years—far from it, except for the one item of coal extraction.

Here the Russians have fixed the 1960 target at 593 million tons, as against the 447 million tons in the United States in 1955. But there are special reasons for this. In steel, electric power and oil the Russians will still be far behind America in 1960.

San Francisco Chronicle

"They're getting a lot of speed out of that old tub."

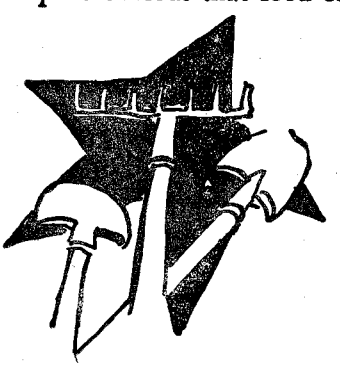
WHAT is important, however, is that the rate of increase in the U. S. S. R. has proved rather higher than in the United States. It is often said that this is because the Russians "started almost from scratch." That is not the point. The correct point is that the Russians have been achieving the *same* results as the Americans in a *smaller* number of years: thus, they will have needed, by 1960, ten years to increase their coal output from 260 to 590 million tons, whereas the United States took eighteen years (1900-18) to cover the same ground. Similarly, the U. S. S. R. will, in 1960, have more than doubled its output of steel in ten years (27 to 68 million tons)—an increase achieved by the United States in the thirty years from 1910 to 1940.

No doubt the output of commodities per head of population still remains much lower in Russia than in America; but if the present rate of increase continues, Russia is likely, in industrial strength, to equal the United States in between fifteen and twenty years. It is in the light of this almost inexorable development that the Russians, with their genius for long-term planning, are taking an ever-growing interest in China, India and other underveloped countries. No "embargoes" on this or that strategic material are going to check this progress to any appreciable extent.

What are the Russians themselves going to get out of the new five-year plan? The emphasis still falls on heavy industry: enormous increases in the next five years (50 to 60 per cent) in iron, steel, oil; and a 100 per cent increase in electric power and cement. Atomic power stations, representing two million kilowatt hours, or the equivalent of four or five average hydroelectric stations, also figure, for the first time, in such a five-year plan. There is to be an impressive increase in agricultural machinery.

The program for consumer goods is rather less spectacular: no great increase in textiles, and only two pairs of shoes a year per head of population, as against one-and-a-half pairs now. On the other hand, "luxury" goods are to be greatly increased: private cars, radio and TV sets, refrigerators, washing machines, etc. What is hard to make out—apart from the significant increase in cement—is to what extent housing is really going to improve. Overcrowding in Moscow and other industrial centers is still appalling, despite a major effort in that direction in the last five years. And, last but not least—food.

It is quite obvious that food con-



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tinues to be far the most difficult "sector" in Soviet economy. The collective farms are, in very many cases, just not doing their stuff. The old 1955 target (fixed in 1950) of 180 million tons of cereals has reappeared again; but this time the 180 million tons are to be harvested in 1960! The 1955 cereal production was only 135 million tons. The discrepancy between the spectacular rise in industrial output and the very slow rise in food production must worry Khrushchev a good deal. Meat and dairy produce have lagged behind quotas even more seriously than grain.

One cannot help wondering whether there will be a clash at the party congress between the all-out heavy industry men (Khrushchev) and those who would rather stimulate light industry. For the two solutions proposed by the conflicting schools of thought are (a) propaganda and iron discipline, or (b) more consumer goods and other material gains to induce the peasantry to work harder and "more conscientiously." In either case, as the well-known writer, Valentin Ovechkin recently wrote in *Novy Mir*, "the collective farm system continues to be the knottiest of all present-day Soviet problems."

As for the development of the "virgin lands" of Siberia and Kazakhstan in which Khrushchev has been taking special pride and interest, these can represent, if not a drop, no more than a spoonful in the bucket.

ONCE UPON A TIME INC.

Mr. Luce's Fact Machine . . *by David Cort*

TO WIN all one's arguments is a dream that has always fascinated mankind. It is why people become tyrants and shrews and teachers and priests and even novelists. Communism and fascism both bask in this dream. The art of winning arguments was based on name-calling in the seventeenth century, on rational aphorism in the latter eighteenth and on pseudo-scientific philosophy in the nineteenth.

Today "facts," delivered impassively, have taken command in the American press. Gone are the frankly prejudiced thunderings of the early press lords. The tone of every current mass magazine and large newspaper was set in the early 1920's by a young man named Briton Hadden, now long dead. His partner was Henry R. Luce and his organ *Time* magazine both very much still with us. His early successes at winning arguments, all arguments, slowly drew the exasperated attention of other editors and they adopted a similar impregnable, factual position.

The extremes of opinion about *Time* and *Life* are explained by an unnoticed gap between Hadden's dream and the commercial fact of the magazines; the one sold to Time Inc. employees, the other to the reader.

The dream was that an eternal truth exists this week and can be expressed in 500 words by a talented writer after he has read the week's New York newspaper clippings. This dream can be understood but nobody in his right mind can entirely grasp the grandeur of Hadden's and Luce's original concept that every Monday night was the end of the world, wrapped up in a red cover. In a lowered voice they would overwhelm the chaos of Mencken's twenties. "Make up your mind," they growled at the writers. Of a story that referred back to the Crimean War, Hadden is said to have demanded, possibly in jest but more probably not, "I want to know this time what was the crime." This was *Time's* period of tough-talking college boys and speakeasy props, one of whom perfected *Time's* one-line jabberwocky picture caption and, having fulfilled this ordained function, died of an alcoholic hemorrhage. The magazine sounded as if Luce and Hadden were trying to amaze and shock somebody they never mentioned. But the dream was strong stuff for a number of high-minded young men of the twenties and thirties, who honestly wanted to see whether an eternal truth could be stated every week.

The commercial fact, on the other hand, is no dream. The format is such that all the "credit," a word Luce likes, goes to the corporation, never to an individual. Every story in *Time, Life* and *Fortune* (with a few irrelevant exceptions) is miraculously devoid of two things generally considered indispensable: (1) Sources; (2) An author. Only the Frankenstein speaks and he made it all up out of his own head. The performance is obviously sheer magic and the American reader is duly impressed.

This anti-individual and anti-traditional miracle has implications and revealing exceptions, which will be returned to. On the lowest level, the miracle involves a legal larceny that for years enraged newspaper men. This was, in practice, Time Inc.'s exploitation of the modern legal principle that all knowledge, and especially all news, is public property. From this, Hadden and Luce developed the revelation that the talent and legwork of every reporter and writer on earth were theirs for nothing—and in a hurry. Since they had to boil it all down to limits that could be printed and read in a week, they had no time to argue.

This was one crime that Luce, after Hadden's death, felt he had to expiate to move into journalistic respectability. And so he subscribed to the United Press to establish his legal and moral right to at least

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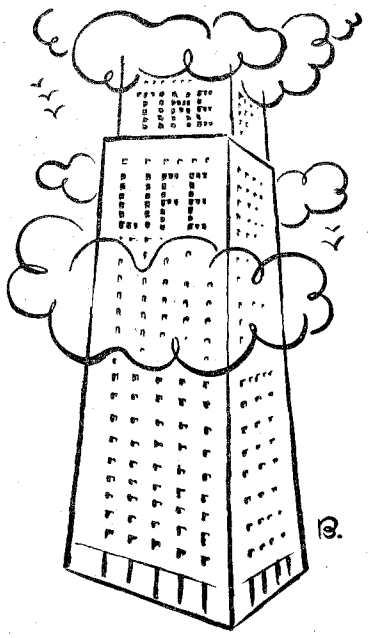
that much information. He also set up his own network of news offices around the world. This apparatus looks impressive but its absurdity is that, should hard times return and compel its abandonment, the content of the magazines would hardly change at all. Most of the writers still get three-quarters of their material from the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. The apparatus supplies about an eighth or tenth of fairly low-grade information, though the actual wordage in cables can swamp an editor who takes it seriously.

Add to the free raw material the individual talent—and you have the greatest low-cost invention since the tin can.

A capable *Life* writer has repeatedly produced twenty pages or more in a single issue and averaged between five and ten pages over a period of years. At a salary of $200 a week, this production works out at a text cost of about $30 a page (of course excluding picture costs) or the same as the page cost of a tiny intellectual magazine with perhaps 15,000 readers.

This rate of work probably has no exemplars today. Since wealth accumulated, Time Inc. has tried to give its readers some slow, thoughtful writing. But much as cheap money drives out dear, fast writing will always drive out slow writing. The writer who can bat it out this week, today, now, by the time the Century leaves Grand Central Station, is still the one you will read next Thursday.

Fast work has its risks. Time Inc. does not knowingly plagiarize whole sentences from its invisible sources but one day a free-lance writer spotted in *Life* a complete page lifted without quotation marks from his latest book. He sued and collected $3,500 out of court. It happened that his book was the only existing source on the subject (a combat area in World War II). In copying out his material, the lady on *Life* assigned to do the research had neglected to put quotation marks around her "research." The *Life* writer, taking it as her material, had used it straight. The Frankenstein spoke out of his own head, as usual, but this time in an arrangement of words that already belonged to a human being with a name and a lawyer. If only the writer had re-



arranged the words a little, they would have been Luce's for nothing.

The faceless writing of Time Inc. has come to dominate current American culture. The American reader realizes that the individual writer is, if not exactly nonexistent, at least inconsequential to the point of ignominy. The assassination of the individual writer by *Time* has come to permeate the whole American press. Even in slick magazines that permit signed articles, the reader hardly notices, nor long remembers, the names, except those of regular columnists who for the most part deal with personalities and opinion. Furthermore, other editors have followed Time Inc. practice in removing all individual human personality from the story as published. I suggest that this may be the reason why it is almost impossible in America today to hear a "great" writer, a great voice speaking individually. (Yet *Life* recently had the gall to complain editorially of the absence of great writers.) The Voltaires and Chestertons and Menckens have been edited and mass-produced out of voice. Only faceless Frankensteins speak.

Not only Time Inc., but American magazines generally, omit the names of books or other articles that can be followed up if the reader gets really interested in the subject. This, says the magazine in the brisk, cold Time Inc. voice, is all you need to know right now; if there's any more, we'll give it to you. Renew your subscription. The fashion of faceless writing has even penetrated to the book world where a happy breed of editors is busy tweaking the eyebrows and pimples that gave the manuscript its human identity.

Time's real success began about 1931, in the depression, and *Life* proliferated in November, 1936, in the recession. In the national confusion, self-doubt and flirtation with communism, it was good to read in *Life* and *Time* the untroubled absolute truth. Hadden's ghost was winning another argument, as Luce took the bows. In addition, Time Inc. was bright enough to report the most obvious scientific discoveries of which at that period government, business and the military were disgracefully ignorant.

This may be called the Silver Sty period of Time Inc., ludicrously marred by the first appearance of masked Communists and Newspaper Guild brawlings.

The thirties saw the work of some thoroughly reputable and even distinguished men and women who deserve listing: Davenport, Larsen, Martin, Busch, Gottfried, Billings, Matthews, Grover, Fraser, Hodgins, Schroeder, Kay, Fuller, Vind, Schwind, Kennedy, Peyton, Underhill, Barnett, Butterfield, Piel and others.

THE editors, writers and researchers were the elite of Time Inc. They had the acknowledged power. They could and did overrule the advertising side. They once outraged even the Ford advertising account and just as it had been wheedled home again, insulted it afresh. More than one, basking in the supposed power of the word, refused an executive promotion. Some, especially on *Fortune,* exploited and strained their prestige by wearing sneakers to interview tycoons, by disappearing into clipjoints for weeks at a time, by introducing sofas into the office and taking naps, by brawling in saloons. But such eccentricities are by no means inconsonant with spiritual power. Tactically, of course, no group of writers as such can ever accumulate power; on the contrary, every member of the group risked his power weekly in his work and bequeathed the credit for risk and intellect to the Frankenstein, which gobbled all. Yet at the late thirties'

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rare editorial meetings—a practice then already doomed—the assembly exuded the feeling of power held in check, courteous but arrogant, busily cerebrating but sullenly silent. Most novels about Time Inc. reflect this conceit. However, the creation of such a group was in fact Luce's masterpiece and, probably, his subsidiary dream.

What could have destroyed it? Why did it not live as long as the editorial traditions of the New York or London *Times*? What happened?

The answer is Luce himself. He was never the group's leader, only its boss. In consequence, he was frightened by it as he tried to fall asleep at night. He grew jealous of any writer's growing prestige, on the excuse that an empire-builder was rearing his treacherous head. Such a man was presently removed to meaningless activities, to another publication, to promotion work, to a leave of absence, or encouraged to go away. This evidence of Luce's jealous impotence lies behind most ex-Time Incers' unfriendly comments about Luce. A few others, however, give as Luce's motive for destroying his own masterpiece his rarely avowed belief that he can, while remaining invisible, make fate dance to his tune. Since fate, especially in the person of the Ambassadress, has seemed to call the tune instead, a wry expression has come over Luce's face in the more recent newspictures.

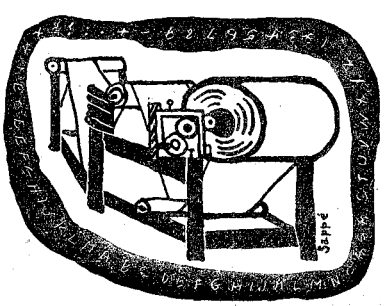
There may be another, parallel, reason for the decay of Time Inc. In the thirties the top editors—Luce, Billings, Gottfried, Matthews—were almost unbelievably unsophisticated, heirs to a more innocent American tradition. Sophistication entered Luce's life with a bang after his second marriage. Sophistication oozed on into the magazines with the move to Rockefeller Plaza and the importation of such sophisticated promoters and "idea men" as Dan Longwell, Alex King and Willi Schlamm. Before Luce could destroy the old creation, he needed something to fill the void. Sophistication was tagged for the job. Of the new boys, Longwell quickly cut down King and pushed Schlamm into a Graduate Faculty limbo. A portent in this period was the promotion of an undistinguished writer, who had the merit of having been born in France, to publisher of *Life*. At first a little shamefaced with the other writers, he incredulously realized that his career coincided with the transfer of power to the hucksters and presently he was one of them.

The 1956 editors and writers—if one may risk generalization about a fleeting present that may itself be transitional—are journeymen workers, easily controlled by hucksters on one hand and lady researchers on the other. They certainly do not alarm Luce. Perhaps he is now leader as well as boss—but of this I know nothing.

The present period may be described socially as the Toots Shor era. Intellectually it is the corn-fed or children's hour. In terms of famous employees, in an evolution that would leave Hadden gasping, it is the Age of the Photographers. For these latter, in apparent violation of the Time Inc. formula given above, are allowed to sign their work. Their incongruous fame, in an office of anonymous men who actually give them orders, often goes to their head. The model of this new kind of grandee may be given as Eliot Elisofon; he is said to imagine himself Alfred Hitchcock, who also makes pictures.

However, to a sensible reader, the name of the man who snaps the shutter is trifling, as Luce has realized, beside the question of who certified the words.

THIS latter question asks itself in every issue, in every story. An almost perfect example, because it represents an ideal toward which Time Inc. constantly strives, was a pleasant, unsigned story in *Life*, issue of October 10, 1955. This purports to tell in word and picture how far or fast various creatures can jump, run, fly or swim. The story tells us that the great gray kangaroo jumps just four inches farther than Jesse Owens. "Says who?" the congregation must respond. The story says that every



impala, or the world's champion impala, jumps a foot farther than a mounted horse. "Says who?" It says that a fox, running at forty miles an hour, would nose out all the greyhounds, bison and giraffes in the world. "Says who?" It says that the Canada goose, crow and wild turkey all fly at speeds between fifty and sixty miles an hour. "Says who?" responds the now fascinated, but proportionately skeptical, congregation.

The Frankenstein implication is that *Life's* editors and lady researchers went out and chased impalas, kangaroos and wild turkeys with a stopwatch and tapemeasure; hence the Frankenstein knows what it is talking about. Or the impalas and turkeys timed themselves and mailed the results to the Time and Life Building. The most interesting part of the story would be precisely these details of who recorded the times and distances, and how, and with what difficulties—and how inaccurate the figures really must be. But *Life* cannot tell this real story or it shatters the Frankenstein illusion and breaks its monopoly on impalas and turkeys whose addresses are unknown to *Newsweek* or *Look*.

A similar test can be applied to virtually every story in *Time* and *Life* by any reader who will trouble to use his wits.

An apparent exception is given by the lists of scientists' and experts' names at the end of such current features as "The World We Live In" and the like.

It will be noted that the scientists' books are not listed. Furthermore, if I know scientists, they told *Life's* researchers a great number of contradictory things, so that the published compromise among their disparate opinions represents no one of them accurately. One scientist tells his friends, "I don't know why they gave my name. All I did was tell them to read my book, and now I tell my classes not to read that issue of *Life* or they'll fail my course." But obviously he was flattered by the inclusion.

These stories were signed "Lincoln Barnett and the Staff of Life" in the republication in book form. The latter half of the signature must have been insisted on by Mr. Barnett.

When Luce or a stand-in gives a modest and honest man like Barnett such a subject as "Man" or "The

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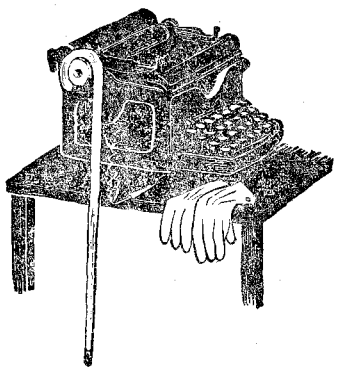
Universe," he has two peremptory, if implied, commands. One is, "Make like Carlyle"—or Darwin, or Toynbee. The other is, "Work God in, preferably in the King James version." The fact that the classy Presbyterian writing of "The World We Live In" has excited no parodies and no hilarity is a serious defect in literary America today.

Viz.: "Below the sun-spangled satin of the waters there loomed a fabulous world . . . . The great continental platforms loomed rocky and bleak. . . . From such shadowy beginnings . . . the wondrous procession . . . down eons of terrestial time . . . the ciphers of some arcane codescript . . . untold ages past . . . these wondrous laws of nature. . . . A few glimmerings of light in the dark abyss of time . . . echo the words of Paul, 'God hath chosen the weak things.' "

The stories are loaded, not exactly with errors, but with self-destroying compromises between irreconcilable and unprovable hypotheses, all issued as solemn and holy truth.

THE pretentious fraud descended to farce in the current "Epic of Man" series because in this case—November 7, 1955—artists were required to dream up the human faces on the ancient bones. The result is that Chancelade Man (14,000 B. C.) is certified by *Life* to have been Willie Howard. Abbeville Man (600,000 B.C.) was recognizably Boris Karloff. Acheulian man (300,000 B. C.) was unmistakably John Garfield. Mousterian Man (170,000 B. C.) must have been a nephew of Ernest Hemingway and Jo Davidson. Neanderthal Man could go on TV tomorrow as unshaven Ed Sullivan. These people are all shown as no hairier than Clark Gable and, in final climactic error, several expose the turned-in toes of men who have just slipped out of pointed shoes 600,000 years ago. A reader genuinely interested in the great subject is once more afforded endless merriment. At the end comes again the hollow boast implied in the list of scientists, but no real sources, no books to read, no way to discover the real story underneath the Frankenstein story.

The effect of Time Inc. on Time Inc. people is an absorbing, unwritten, but necessarily provisional story. In general, it can be said that



they are as nervously exhausted and as affable as hucksters on Madison Avenue, two short blocks east. Any statement of mine that many of the top people dislike themselves is clearly subjective. Time Inc. people keep themselves apart from the New York literary world. Generally they don't know "anybody" or if they did before they were hired, soon stop seeing "anybody" but other Time Inc. people and other Toots Shor customers. They have their climax of euphoria at Senior Group dinners (I assume this has continued) where the year's bonus is announced (I hope this has continued). As salesmen have come to dominate Time Inc. the outpoured love at these dinners must be suffocating. Because Luce has heavy eyebrows, Time Inc. people never let the barber trim their eyebrows.

A curiously valid generalization is that a man begins to have trouble with his wife about a year after he joins Time Inc. The writer can have been happily married, but he becomes intolerable or contemptible to his wife in that employ. Time Inc. women who support their husbands, on the other hand, seem happy. Of the third sex, very, very few have ever appeared. One lesbian even reformed and married.

Neurosis, yes, but no suicide for working Time Inc. people. The suicides are instead ex-Time Inc. people: the tragic and inscrutable cases of such ranking writers as Goldsborough, Wickware, Balliett and perhaps some others, all apparently courageous and fruitful men.

The explanation may lie in the pretense of toughness that Time Inc. demands. The individual actually comes to believe he is tough. He is deluded by the intellectual cruelty of the Time Inc. formula. Time Inc. is in fact a sort of over-compensation for sensitive people as long as they can keep on taking the drug. On the job they haven't time for suicide. But a while after they have been detached from the apparatus, they begin to feel pain again.

What is worse, a term at Time Inc. gives a writer a conditioned reflex that automatically produces an eternal truth out of a fast reading of the material. He has perfected the technique, and worse, the habit of the snap judgment. Even if he leaves and revolts against the Time Inc. reflex, his sole aim in life becomes the opposite and equally useless ambition to get his name signed in print to the most eccentric and personal opinion he can conceive. Thus, he thinks, will he defy the Frankenstein. He has, in essence, mislaid his sense of perspective about himself, the world and his writing. He is lost until he can get over spelling it "cigaret" and give it that more thoughtful "ette." He must get used to not mastering and dismissing a subject in a week and never again thinking about it. He must learn to do his own research. He must get over being in debt one full year's income. He has to learn ordinary human values all over again.

Not many ex-Time Incers have achieved the metamorphosis back to human identity. Their stories—which I do not know—must be fascinating indeed.

THE current news about Time Inc. is of course Secretary Dulles' article about "the brink of war."

My point here may be unexpected, for I entirely agree with the Secretary's reasonable assumption that the democracies should have learned something since Neville Chamberlain's riskless foreign policy inevitably incited the insatiable aggressor to war. Dulles was saying that a totalitarian power creates a constant risk of war. The democracies had better accept the risk, even though politicians think their constituents want to be told the risk does not exist.

But the *Life* Frankenstein "improved" Dulles' reasonable thought from "risk" to "brink." The Frankenstein has a monopoly on the Origins of Man, why not also on the End of Man? Confident of its weekly miracles, it had no difficulty standing on air beyond the brink of war.

Dulles is now an ex-Time Incer., too.

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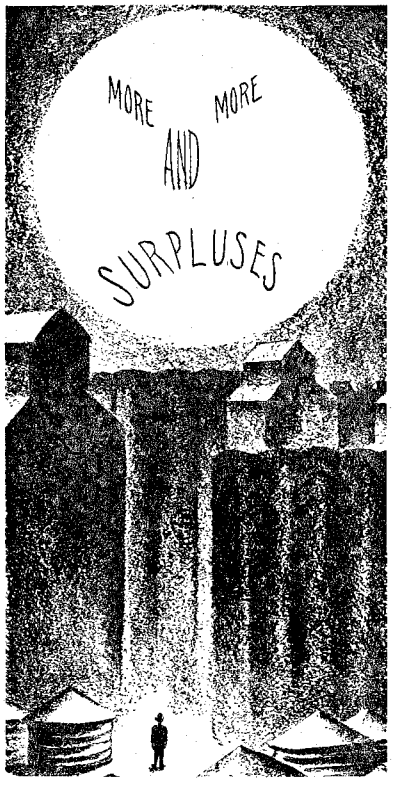
OVER-NORMAL GRANARY

Bipartisan Headache . . *by Edgar Kemler*

Washington

IT IS HARD to tell who suffers more from our unprecedented crop surpluses—the farmer or the Eisenhower Administration. For three years now, the farmer has been subjected to a price-cost squeeze designed to reduce the surpluses which (in Administration eyes) suggest undesirable "give-aways." To the farmer, on the other hand, there can be no surpluses so long as two-thirds of the world, not to mention one-third of the United States, is suffering from dietary deficiency. Furthermore, he can't understand why his net income has declined 25 per cent when cold-war prosperity has raised nearly everybody else's income 7 per cent. Such reflections help to explain why the farmer continues to fill government warehouses with surpluses, even though such surpluses seemingly depress his market prices. Also, they explain the Administration's secret doubts about its widely acclaimed soil-bank plan. This plan would accomplish with a dole what has been formerly attempted with a meat-cleaver. Corn and wheat farmers, for example, would be handsomely paid for cutting down acreage by 20 per cent. This, in turn, would allow the Administration to whittle down the 950-million-bushel wheat surplus and the 565-million-bushel corn surplus by perhaps 50 per cent within three or four years. However, since this plan recalls the unpopular "plowing under" of crops in the depression years by calling for the plowing-under of winter wheat now in the ground, the farmer's cooperation is highly speculative.

Despite all their hullabaloo on the sidelines, the Democrats have not faced up to the farmer's queries with any more imagination than the Republicans. This is ironic, since it was during the 1940-1952 Democratic years that the U. S. farmer really filled the role of world provider—a role from which he is now being excluded. Under the impetus of World War II and the Korean War, our food and fiber output increased 46 per cent despite a 10 per cent drop in the number of farmers. Now the Democrats would restore the high price supports of the war era, but without any peacetime distribution plan comparable to their wartime UNRRA relief plans. It was in expectation of such plans that the United Nation's Food and Agriculture Organization has concentrated on techniques calling for more crops rather than on restrictive measures such as the President's soil bank. In this connection, the FAO recently reported a successful pilot operation in India whereby surplus food had been used as part payment for hungry laborers in school and road construction. This experiment proves conclusively that present surpluses can be made to fill real world needs, despite the glut in world food markets. However, because such peace plans are deemed to have no political sex appeal, not much is heard about them among the Congressional Democrats.

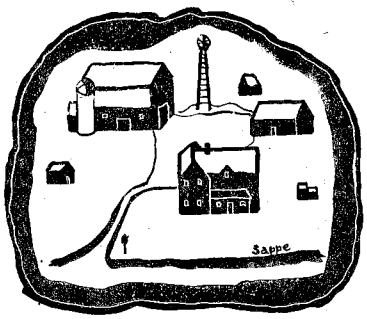


Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Harvest Moon

On the other hand, however much one may deplore Secretary of Agriculture Benson's program, one can't help admiring the doggedness, if not the ruthlessness, with which he pursues it. What he wants is not merely the curtailing of our farm output, but also the liquidation of some 1,500,000 inefficient farmers for the profit of the remaining 3,500,000—an objective that he used to declare openly, but which now on election eve he variously softpeddles and repudiates. Had it not been for the $2.5 billion surpluses and the high support prices which he inherited from the Truman Administration, he believes that his twin objectives would have been achieved long since—and without the present ruckus. In short, Secretary Benson is a man incapable of disillusionment: the more his program backfires, the more vigorously he hammers away at it.

To illustrate, look at his truly bold if so far unsuccessful campaign to ship 185 million pounds of butter to Eastern Europe and eight million bales of cotton to Red China—these Iron Curtain countries being now almost the only foreign markets where large surpluses can be dumped without market disruptions. On Benson's insistence, the President included this politically dangerous measure in his farm message only to have it squelched by Democrats in the Senate Agriculture Committee.



EDGAR KEMLER reports on the Washington scene for The Nation.

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Benson is now protesting Ed Murrow's TV farm documentary, "Crisis of Abundance," which gave the nonfarmer an extraordinarily vivid picture of the pounding now taken by farmers. Benson says the picture was distorted. Obviously, he was disturbed by the restlessness displayed by almost all farmers interviewed, large and small. Yet there was something philosophical in their protests, which applied not merely to Benson, but to Dulles and others who bear the primary responsibility for this strange crisis. This suggests that while the farmer may vote Democatic this fall as a protest against the current price squeeze, he will continue his dissent, no matter which party wins. That something of this sort is in the wind is indicated by the amazing growth of the National Farmers Organization in the hard-hit Iowa corn country. Led by former Republican Governor Dan Turner preaching Democratic high-price-support doctrine, the N. F. O. is reported to have stolen 30,000 new members in six weeks from existing organizations. No doubt it will continue to grow until, as one Washington commentator put it, a major Democrat or Republican comes up with "prosperity goals for the farmer which will give him some real encouragement for the future."

THE LOBBY THAT FAILED

Education Needs a Spokesman . . *by D. W. Cox*

THE CRISIS in the country's public-school system—it is primarily a money crisis—persistently outlives the hue and cry raised over it on radio and TV and in the press. Succeeding White House conferences, including one held just a few months ago, and National Citizens' Commission propaganda furnished plenty of weighty and alarming statistics, but no solutions. It is not enough to advise the public that it must take "greater interest" in local educational affairs. The public needs more than cliches upon which to operate. The disturbing fact is that a society willing to appropriate $32,000,000,000 for military expenditures in the fiscal year 1956 is reluctant to appropriate a small percentage of this astronomical figure to educate our youth.

Much of the responsibility for this situation rests upon our education lobbyists, who failed to "sell" the schools to our elected representatives as essential to the nation's welfare. (By "lobbyists" I mean particularly those officials and observers of the state educational associations, the National Education Association and similar organizations, who are the legislative representatives of the educational profession.) Professional lobbyists are now commonly recognized as the "third branch" of the American legislative system. Yet the school system has never had the kind of modern and effective lobbying which so many other professions and pressure groups enjoy.

Lack of adequate lobbying resulted in the failure of a major federal aid-to-education drive in the late 1940's. A study of this failure is very much worth while, for the lobbying mistakes made then were repeated last year and there is no sign yet that the education lobbyists have been educated to their jobs.

At the close of World War II, the National Education Association, representing the bulk of the teaching profession, put on a drive to obtain a $300,000,000 annual federal grant for public schools based on need. A bipartisan bill, backed by the NEA, was sponsored by Senators Lister Hill, Elbert Thomas and Robert Taft to achieve a minimum-foundation program and to meet the then current crisis. Twice during the term of the 80th Congress (1946-48), the bill passed the Senate by an approximate three-to-one vote. The NEA announced it had won a significant victory, but it failed to reckon with the House. R. B. Marston, chief lobbyist for the NEA in his capacity as federal-state relations chairman, sat back to await the "moral pressure" of the Senate and Speaker Taft to bring the House in line. But Congressman John Lesinski of Michigan, chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor (the counterpart of Taft's position in the Senate) kept the bill stymied in committee, where it was eventually defeated by a 13-12 vote. The decisive vote was cast by Congressman Lesinski himself.

After this hairline defeat, Marston accused the state educational associations of Ohio, New York, California and others of not "working on" their own state Representatives on the committee. He charged them with a general lack of militancy in behalf of a federal-aid bill, presumably because under it their states would have had to support the poorer Southern states' schools in addition to their own. The NEA, however, demoted Marston to the less sensitive job of chairman of the membership department, where political perspective is not such an important requirement.

In assessing Marston's failure as a lobbyist, along with that of his colleagues who must share much of the blame, we can see in retrospect the following mistakes:

1. Marston erred in overestimating the influence of the Senate on the House, particularly on members of the comparable committees.

2. Conversely, he underestimated the power of the House (where all money bills must originate) and waited too long to bring pressure and influence on it.

3. He failed to bring the large state educational associations (all members of the parent NEA) into his confidence early in the campaign.

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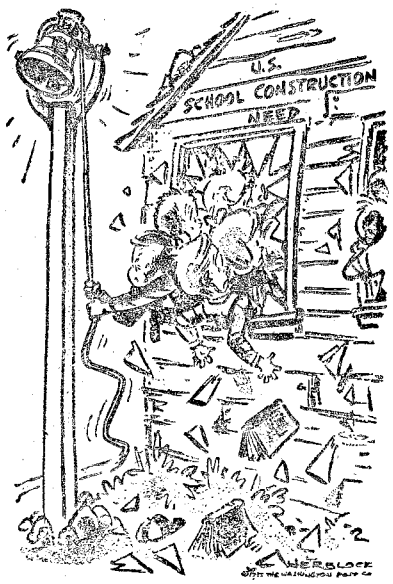
He failed particularly to emphasize their responsibility for helping the poorer Southern states achieve a minimum educational level with the rest of the country.

4. He snubbed the American Federation of Teachers, the second largest professional educational association in the United States. His failure to obtain the federation's support led to a "go-it-alone" policy which had repercussions among the politicians. For the federation sponsored another bill instead of joining in support of one piece of legislation, a fact which made it easier for politicians to ride the fence on both bills.

5. Inadequate use was made of the mass communications media to sell the public, school boards and the teaching profession on the need for federal aid. In this, the NEA could learn a valuable lesson from the California Educational Association and the American Medical Association, both of whom made successful use of the public-relations firm of Whittaker and Baxter. The AMA, largely through the adroit use of mass communication media, was able to prevent the passage of certain federal bills which they labelled "socialized medicine." It also helped defeat certain candidates for the United States Senate in 1950, notably Pepper of Florida and Graham of North Carolina. The lack of foresight on the proper use of communications media by educators to sell their product is appalling, considering the fact that they should be "leading" instead of "following" in this realm.

6. Another error was the failure to help Congress solve the parochial-school issue, which eventually became one of the two most significant factors in the defeat of federal aid to education in the late 1940's. The inability to deal with this issue has led educators to try to bypass it in the present proposed federal-aid legislation by having money appropriated *only* for school buildings and not for teachers' salaries, bus transportation, etc. This maneuver, even if successful, will not solve the basic issue, namely, how to increase teachers's salaries which are 80 per cent of most school budgets. Federal money for public-school buildings alone would not solve the crisis in our schools.

7. Lastly, the educational lobbyists have not been able to persuade organized business, *i. e.*, the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce, that federal aid for public schools is necessary for the continuing welfare and progress of our country. These business organizations still lobby for exclusively local and state financing. The educational lobbyists have been consistently unsuccessful in their few attempts to arouse public opinion against the anti-federal aid position of these business groups.



Herblock in Washington Post

Emergency Alarm

IN THE summer of 1955, with the emergence of Senator Hill's bill for federal grants to help the states build more schools, it appeared that the education lobbyists had learned very little from their experience in the late 1940's. Marston's successor, James L. McCaskill, the legislation and federal-relations chief of the NEA, was seemingly repeating most of Marston's mistakes.

In Senator Hill the NEA had a powerful friend of public education serving as chairman of the Senate committee directly involved. His bill, though it bypasses the parochial-school question, was an advance over the weak "loans" bill sponsored by Mrs. Hobby's Department of Education, Health and Welfare.

The situation in the Taft-Lesinski days of 1947 and 1948 quickly found its parallel in 1955. Congressman Graham Barden of North Carolina held the same post as chairman of the important House Committee on Labor and Public Welfare that Representative John Lesinski had held in the 1946-48 session. Barden, an arch-conservative Southern Democrat, opposed the Hill measure because of the anti-segregation clause which several Northern Congressmen sponsored as an amendment. Barden refused to hold hearings until late in the session of the first term of the 84th Congress. The bill was finally approved in committee, but too late for congressional action before the summer recess. Barden's own vote was against the bill. During the hearings there was a fist fight between Congressmen Adam C. Powell of New York and Cleve Bailey of West Virginia on the segregation question. The measure never came to a vote in the Senate committee.

THE inability of the public-school and NEA lobbyists to dislodge Barden from his stubborn attitude, which prevented hearings being held until too late for House action, marked another of their signal failures. Merely reminding Congress, as Edgar Fuller, executive secretary of the Council of Chief State School Officers did, of the possibility that the bill might be killed or "hung up" on the segregation question was not enough. The education spokesman seemed only to antagonize the legislators by failing to give them constructive suggestions on how the issue should be met. The educators were unable to impress the lawmakers with Congress' responsibility to implement the Supreme Court's desegregation decision with a federal outlay to make desegragation work. They did not even advance this line of reasoning. Their old front-line spokesmen, like Dr. John K. Norton of Columbia University Teachers College, have been testifying on the same old tack with the same old charts for ten years without any notable success.

Now that a federal-aid bill is again in the hopper, it is time that new and younger blood be infused into the education lobby. What is needed are men with a fresh and convincing slant on the country's school needs and who are versed in the intricacies of political maneuvering. The present crop, unimaginative and naive, is doing as much as any group in the country to retard the progress of our public schools.

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A Comparison of Constitutions

WE THE JUDGES. Studies in American and Indian Constitutional Law. By William O. Douglas. Doubleday and Company. $6.

By David L. Weissman

THIS BOOK, the chapters of which were delivered as the Tregore Lectures at the University of Calcutta in July, 1955, is a study of the growth of American constitutional law during the past 150 years and that of India since the adoption of its Constitution in 1949 and a comparison between the two. Its basic theme is the reconciliation between governmental power and the rights of man within the framework of a democratic society.

The scheme of the book, after a short survey and comparison of the American and Indian situations and objectives, is to center discussion upon ten main subjects, as follows: the judicial power; the dual system of courts; legislative prerogatives; the administrative agency; the commerce clause as a vehicle for national power; the reach of due process; the fundamental rights of speech, press and religion; the rights of a fair trial; equal protection; and the judiciary. The method employed is generally to examine first the text of the relevant American constitutional provision or statute and to develop the discussion of its meaning and effect in terms of the historical situation and the commentary and great cases, old and new, construing it; then to do the same with the Indian counterparts; and finally to compare or contrast the two. This reviewer cannot speak with any assurance about the treatment of the Indian part of the story, but with respect to the American part he will say that the intelligent reader, layman or lawyer not already expert in the field, will acquire from the book an over-all grasp of the subject sufficiently strong to enable him to pierce the mysteries in which it has been shrouded.

The work is no popularization in the breezy sense of the word. It has an occasional vignette and flashes of humor, mostly dead-pan. (The story of Southern rebellion against an 1824 decision of the Supreme Court, with its prophecies of doom, threats of nullification and ultimate acceptance, makes wry reading). But essentially it is a sober attempt to illuminate the forces that have brought us to the present point of constitutional evolution. The reason why it succeeds so well is that, avoiding professional jargon and using the sinewy, direct language of every day which so nicely reflects the author's tough, testing, pragmatic mind, it makes plain the basic concepts and workings-out of what is after all an historical and political, not a legal, document.

AS THE author puts it, "The Constitution is a compendium, not a code; a declaration of articles of faith, not a compilation of laws." In less than thirty pages, for example, the origin, development, uses and perils of the administrative agency, that "enigma wrapped in a mystery," are revealed. The same is done in fewer pages for the Congressional power to investigate. The usually terrifying phrase "basing point system of pricing" is made clear in a paragraph. Hundreds of cases (the index of cases covers some twenty-one pages) are examined and the heart of each is laid bare in a sentence or two of common speech, One after another the mysteries fall away and the meaning of the Constitution and its application is made plain.

The study should then be extremely useful as a primer to the uninstructed and a guide to the mystified, to say nothing of its value as a work of reference. But it should prove interesting to them, and also to the expert, for other reasons.

There is first the comparison between what the author calls "The American and Indian Experiments." The likenesses are many. Each has a written constitution; each is federalist in structure and democratic in framework; each has a judicial system with a supreme court at the apex; each guarantees certain rights to its citizens; and so on. But the dissimilarities, though apparently fewer, are more striking. Our Constitution, a product of the eighteenth century's preoccupation with political and civil liberties, emphasizes these. The Indian Constitution, a product of the twentieth, when men have come to realize that political and personal liberty cannot have full meaning or be secure unless it rests on sound social and economic arrangements, emphasizes these. Thus, while the Indian Constitution is less absolutist in its terms concerning political and personal liberty, permitting preventive detention, for example, it has written into it the philosophy of the "welfare state." The author explains this difference in emphasis on the basis that "the Socialist philosophy is far more widely accepted in India than in America." Though he does not say so, his discussion shows that, shibboleths and the serious road blocks once thrown up by the Supreme Court itself notwithstanding, we are tending in the same direction.

There is, secondly, his long view of the role of the Court. "Certainly," he says, "our own Supreme Court has erred, sometimes grievously. But in the main it has stood high above the storms, administering justice according to its best lights and regardless of political consequences. . . . On the whole, the Supreme Court has written a highly responsible treatise on the legal issues coming to it. Today it is one of the great cohesive forces in America. Our people often criticize the Court and disagree with it; but they have a respect and reverence for it, born of decades of experience." As of the moment, no thoughtful person is likely to dissent from the last two sentences. But as to the rest, there is much evidence in this book to cast doubt on the judgment. The long history of the perversion of the Fourteenth Amendment (which forbids any abridgement of the citizens' privileges and immunities and guarantees them due process and equal protection under the laws) from a new charter of liberty to a

DAVID L. WEISSMAN is a New York lawyer who has written on constitutional and other legal issues.

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bulwark for property rights, is only one example. "The nation knew," says the author, "that it was the Negro, not the corporations, whose interests were to be protected by the Fourteenth Amendment." But the Court proceeded to deny its benefits to the Negro and give them to the corporations. Sixty years passed before the Court in 1954 withdrew its sanction for segregation under the euphemism of "separate but equal."

And the author says, "It seemed for a while that the Due Process Clause had given the Supreme Court powers comparable to a super-legislature. For the Court had so construed Due Process in a substantive sense as to curtail drastically the power of the States to legislate," so that "when the practice of business made it essential to enact legislation for the protection of the public interest, the Fourteenth Amendment became a shield and a sword for protection of the vested interests." The melancholy results, in "ruined lives" (to use Justice Holmes's phrase) and frustrated hopes of social betterment, are given in this book. Another example is the Court's long post-war acquiescence in the curtailment of civil liberties from which it is only now beginning to show signs of recoiling.

FINALLY, there is the portrait of America that the author presented to his Indian audience. Without covering up the serious flaws and while even vigorously projecting them, the picture he presents is agreeable, even sunny. There is sweep and movement in it, and the promise of high things to come. In effect, he says, there are two Americas: the know-nothing America of the noisy minority; and the dominant America of the great traditions that in the end are always triumphant.

These lectures were a needed corrective, especially in India. By their candor and good will they must have made a deep impression there. Whether beyond the High Himalayas or among strange lands and friendly people, climbing their mountains or exploring their folkways or telling them about our life and our laws and our hopes, William O. Douglas, Justice of the Supreme Court, traveller, writer of books and dissenting opinions, remains our best ambassador.

Markets for Democracy

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE. By Chester Bowles. Harper and Brothers. $4.50.

By Edgar Snow

AN EX-GOVERNOR of Connecticut and a former ambassador to India, Chester Bowles was before either of these jobs a copywriter and ad man who made a fortune in business while still young. His new book deals with the "image" and role of American leadership in the current world political scene. It demonstrates that he is still an expert at market analysis. His keen grasp of differences in consumer psychology around the globe gives him an advantage over most career politicians who never had to find out, the hard way, why men prefer one brand over another in the open market. He offers some disturbing reasons why foreigners haven't been buying free enterprise as enthusiastically as they should.

Mr. Bowles concludes that our account executives have been gravely underestimating the subtlety and variety of appeals of the enemy product. We have been saying, "Russian soap is inferior and bogus, its advertising copy is cynical falsehood, its slogans are cruel humbug, its testimonials are fakes and counterfeit." We have insisted that this spurious soap is no cure-all but is itself more dreadful than any disease. No sane person should or would buy communism so long as he has any free choice—and access to better stuff made right here. Hence the threat to the free European and free Asian markets arises only because of the danger that enemy soap may be thrust upon people by force of arms. It has been our belief all along that what is required to win and hold the market for democracy as we know it is simply and solely positions of strength. Arms first, and then the man.

Mr. Bowles now reports that things are more complicated. The billions spent on such assumptions are not conquering the market the way they should. We have not destroyed communism. We have not won new customers permanently. We have not fully contained those we had before the cold war began. In some places bad soap is even driving out the good. Despite our unquestionably superior bombs, stacked up on the side of the status quo for the most part, something like 1,200 million people have rebelled and changed their political make-up since World War II. Among them we have not won a dependable following for the better political brands. Communism has triumphed pretty definitely in the world's most populous nation—the 600 million Chinese. And Mr. Bowles has no comforting delusion that this trick was accomplished by Russian armed intervention. The Chinese may belong to a revolution which "lost its way," he says, but he concedes they are independent.

ELSEWHERE, too, the author finds Communist ideology turning up with strong challenges to European colonial powers and their American ally. In Europe itself the Marshall Plan was good insofar as it helped people there to improve and strengthen existing societies. But Bowles thinks that merely rearming France, Britain and Italy has not accomplished much—beyond saving them from being sold the enemy soap by force of arms. Things that have been happening since the Bolsheviks made an H-bomb have compelled us to face competition on new levels or "dimensions." We know now that neither of us can knock out the other without destroying himself. That doesn't mean the end of competition. Why, then, have we gone on appropriating 99 per cent of our $37 billion foreign-aid budget (the cost of its "enforcement") for arms? Why haven't we spent more on programs of economic aid, on technical help to under-educated states, on development schemes, on industrialization, on cultural exchange plans, on making friends without guns?

For those who have not before been introduced to the evolution of revolution the thumb-nail digests in this book of recent political history in Russia, China, India, Africa—and the United States itself—are useful briefings. Of more immediate value are Bowles's first-hand reports of conversations with, and impressions

EDGAR SNOW is the author of Red Star Over China *and other books.*

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of, leading Africans and Asians. Their various challenges of conventional American conceptions and misconceptions of the earth—the way it is and the way it ought to be—provoke him to advance definitions of our foreign-policy problems which anyone interested in selling the "American way" to the outside world must seriously ponder.

The Recall to Order

THE CHALLENGE OF EXISTENTIALISM. By John Wild. Indiana University Press. $6.

By Albert William Levi

EXISTENTIALISM carries with it for most modern minds the stale air of the *Cave St. Germain* and the lazy conversation of the *Flore* and the *Deux Magots*. It is well known that at the great universities on the Continent existentialism is the only powerful rival to a militant Marxism and still half-submerged Catholic neo-scholasticism. And even in the United States it is beginning to eat its way into a domain pretty evenly divided between analytical positivism and the pragmatists.

The reasons are not hard to find. Positivistic philosophers have abandoned the questions which matter most to concentrate on lesser issues of logic and methodology. And if the pragmatists are still concerned with morality and with practice, they write in an idiom which lacks urgency and excitement. Nevertheless, those nineteenth-century philosophic impulses which stirred in Schopenhauer and Dostoevsky and which flowered in Kierkegaard and Nietzsche have not died. They live in the existentialists, whose vision of the world is founded upon metaphysical despair, the challenge of fate, the necessity for freedom and the centrality of personal decision.

TWO OTHER facts reinforce these impulses. One is the loss of religious faith which has undermined the confidence in cosmic values, and has made the decisions of the isolated individual the last stand of a desperate humanism. The other is the encroachment of mass society upon the domain of personal privacy and authentic selfhood, giving to the ideal of private self-determination a holiness hitherto accorded only to prayer.

Existentialism is, then, half protest, half refuge; its defiance shields its devotees both from a coercive society and against a universe denuded of intrinsic value. This is enough to make ripples even in the calm backwaters of the academies.

The latest evidence of this penetration is *The Challenge of Existentialism* by John Wild of Harvard. Wild recognizes that current academic philosophy is bankrupt because it has forsaken the descriptive method, the world as given and the immediate data of experience. He sees existentialism, with all its faults, as a recall to order, which for the philosopher is always an invitation to return to the facts of life.

Existentialism, whether in the version of Martin Heidegger or Jean-Paul Sartre, Karl Jaspers or Gabriel Marcel, is attentive to the disclosures of mood and feeling, and to what these tell us of the harshness and strangeness of the world we inhabit. And at the same time it finds the essence of man in the resoluteness and courage with which he faces his choices and makes his decisions. Human concern is always centered upon the projects of a self, and the authenticity of all selfhood hinges on the mysterious and often arbitrary operations of the will. It is precisely the emphasis upon the primacy of the act of will and of the moral processes of self-creation that sets the existential philosopher apart from any form of naturalism and gives him a subjectivist bias.

Existentialism's lack of a philosophy of nature arouses Wild's suspicion, and its subjectivism fills him with dismay. For, although he approves of existentialism as a challenge to the idolatry of science and everyday materialism, his considered estimate of it is that it contains "considerable insight merged unfortunately with certain grave mistakes."

In the last third of the book Wild urges his own corrections of these "mistakes." They are along the lines

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ALBERT WILLIAM LEVI, associate professor of philosophy at Washington University, is at work on a book entitled Philosophy and the Modern World.

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of his well-known Aristotelianism: a plea for metaphysical objectivity and the claims of theoretical awareness, a theory of perception lifted from the *De Anima,* and a desire to revive the doctrine of natural law. They are sincerely presented. Unfortunately they lack the persuasiveness of the very excesses of that existentialism which the first two-thirds of his book so admirably expounds.

The Road to Poujade

A FRENCHMAN EXAMINES HIS CONSCIENCE. By Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Cornelia Schaeffer. Essential Books. $3.

By Gerald Sykes

THIS LITTLE BOOK on the state of France—not to be compared with that of Herbert Luethy—will inevitably be read by Americans in the light of the recent rise of Poujade. The novelist's eye of Jules Romains has photographed exactly those scenes of decay, dirt, corruption and immobility that have reacted into a lower-middle-class rightism that is reminding political observers of the Brown Shirts. With commendable frankness and skill Romains has caught the parasitism of the deserted Paris shop which lives for two or three days on "each rare capture"; the skewered partridge gluttony of the Rue Mouffetard, where slum-dwellers forget their poverty with amazing delicacies they somehow manage to afford; the sloth of exporters who refuse to adjust their goods to foreign markets or even to answer letters; the wrath of prosperous wine growers, grain merchants, cattle breeders, beet farmers and gold miners when the state fails to support them in the manner to which they have grown accustomed; and the fact that in 1954 only 6,000 Frenchmen admitted to taxable incomes of $17,000 or more, when at least ten times that many made that much. The picture is not pretty, but it is convincing, especially to those who know the model; and the desire of youth movements, either leftist or rightist, to wipe it out is certainly understandable.

Romains' solution is a return to the traditional virtues he remembers from his childhood: "strict elimination of every form of waste, leakage and muddle"; reduction of the bureaucracy; gold standard; abolition of special privileges; tax reform; thrift such as his mother practiced; and a new constitution. His prescription will find fewer takers than his diagnosis; there are other doctors in the house, many of them; and even those who advocate similar medicine will see that he overlooks so many complications familiar to almost any reasonably close student of the twentieth century that he is treating an imaginary patient, not the real one. The surprise is that he should be so confident he knows the answers.

The point seems to be that once a novelist's eye, even if it is only moderately keen, rests upon a familiar problem, so many terrifying viruses are brought to light that he reminds us forcibly of the world we live in. *That,* unfortunately, is so painful that we cannot stand it for more than a few seconds. Like Romains, we respond with ready-made solutions, even if ours happen to be a little more realistic, a little more aware of certain complexities (like the condition of wage earners) than his. Most political thinking is mere conditioned reflex; we lull ourselves with *idees fixes,* and quite naturally, because facts are hard to come by and still harder to marshal to the general satisfaction of a splintered world.

In such circumstances France's headaches, the worst of which is its division, are everybody else's aspirin; it takes our mind off our own problems. It is handy to be able to shake our heads while its governments, currency, empire, morale and even its insularity fall with the regularity of London Bridge. When will it be obvious that the cold it has is highly catching, that we too sneeze now and then, and that everyone yearns for a sovereign remedy that will never be found this side of the grave? Meanwhile France is a nice place to live in—for at least 6,000 Frenchmen.

GERALD SYKES, author of The Children of Light, The Center of the Stage *and* The Nice American, *is now living in Paris.*

Art

A. L. Chanin

TODAY abstraction is the inflammable style, but a century ago it was realism that had to overcome officialdom and public misunderstanding. Gustave Courbet, a swaggering, aggressive winegrower's son, met the neo-classicists and romantics head on.

He proclaimed himself a realist and affirmed that "the basis of realism is the negation of the ideal. . . . Realism is essentially the democratic art."

And a critic replied: "We prefer the sacred grove where fauns make their way, to the forest in which woodcutters are working. . . ."

Courbet won the day, and his approach eased the path for Manet, influenced impressionism, the early Cezanne and Renoir and altered decisively the course of nineteenth-century painting.

Although some art historians point out that American art is basically realistic—a half truth—Courbet has never been really fashionable with our collectors and museums. In 1948 a large Courbet show at Wildenstein's gave an insight into his power. Last month at the Rosenberg Gallery another and more modest exhibition called attention once more to this master. The nineteen oils—landscapes, still lifes, portraits and a nude—suggested something of his pivotal role and surging power.

But it would be wrong to see these oils as pure realism, a faithful rendering of physical fact. Courbet welds forms to evoke ideas and moods, and thus invests them with poetry—but a substantial poetry, footed in reality.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD, an American veteran of realism tinged with romanticism—or, more accurately, romanticism strengthened by realism—is to be seen in a retrospective show at the Whitney Museum

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"Father Was Big as a Tree"
by Carroll Cloar

(to February 26; thereafter, Baltimore, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., and Cleveland). Born in 1893, in Ohio, Burchfield worked as an accountant, later as a wallpaper designer, and meanwhile made notable watercolors. It was not until 1929 that he could risk devoting himself exclusively to his art.

It seems odd, looking at the more than 100 paintings, that we think of Burchfield as primarily a realist. The greater part of his work is a romantic personification of the moods and seasons of nature. From the 1918 *The Night Wind*, a strong watercolor of a house assailed by phantom-like forms, to the 1953 *Hot September Wind*, with its swaying lines of heat, Burchfield wanders through nature with delight and brooding imagination. It is an imagination so keyed that more than one observer sees in a number of these watercolors an uncomfortable affinity with Walt Disney's whimseyland.

Yet in 1918 he had also painted a stark little watercolor of shoddy midwestern houses. And in the early thirties Burchfield produced a striking series of city scenes in which forceful realism is the dominant appeal. These are the memorable paintings of the exhibition. In *Rainy Night*, in which the buildings loom like a stage set, the light is caught in greenish drizzles and reddish reflections. Or one notices *November Evening* (1931-34), one of the few oils. This presentation of bleak weather and a few houses set off against sky and space has an intensity found only occasionally in his other work.

Burchfield's reputation is in watercolor, yet many of them seem overlarge and puffed up, and color is sometimes labored and too opaque. Only now and again does the artist synthesize poetic imagination and the organization of form.

ANOTHER romantic realist, Carroll Cloar, born in 1912 in Earle, Arkansas, exhibits fourteen tempera paintings linked to one theme, "Childhood Imagery," at the Alan Gallery through February 25. In them, Cloar goes beyond the promise of his earlier work to achieve several impressive compositions.

In the best examples, Cloar succeeds in integrating and perfecting his individual approach: a dry, precise, sharply observant eye for faces or the minutiae of specific period fashions, the look and weather of place, mingled with moods and images which the painter describes as ". . . the mixed emotion of remembering; places altered, people long passed; your father, whom you promised yourself you would measure against the oak tree. . . ."

Painting the nostalgia of youth is dangerous, for it is easy to slip into the obvious, and Cloar does not always avoid the pitfall. *Alien Child*, for example, while containing a subtly rendered family group, is marred by the too obvious device of a crevice as a symbol to separate and isolate young Cloar from his family. But in *Father Was Big as a Tree*, or *Arrival of the Germans in Crittenden County*—a World War I nightmare of invasion—he gives concrete expression to the ghosts of old memories.

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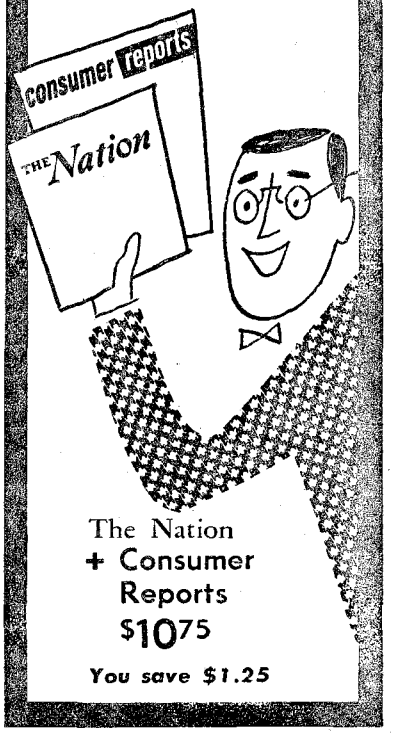

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Music

B. H. Haggin

TELEVISION offers possibilities of scenic illusion—including quick and illusive changes of scene—which the stage cannot equal; and these can increase the effectiveness of an opera like *The Magic Flute*. But scenes of large spectacle in such an opera lose by their reduced scale in the televised image. This image is suited only to close-ups of action involving two or three persons; but the close-range relation of performers and spectators that television creates in place of the long-range relation of the opera house is not entirely advantageous for opera.

There are some who argue that opera is drama which must be understood from word to word as one listens to the music, and that it must therefore be performed in English. They include Samuel Chotzinoff, producer of NBC-TV Opera Theatre, who in an interview a couple of years ago contended that opera, when it is given in a large theatre where the listener is too far from the performer for dramatic meaning to come through to him, can be only a recital in costume; and that television, by bringing the performer close to the listener, "can make [opera] dramatic all over again." For this purpose, said Mr. Chotzinoff, Opera Theatre gives opera in English; and he mentioned other things it had done to make opera dramatic. For example he described how, in cutting Britten's *Billy Budd* to make it fit into the allotted hour and a half, Peter Herman Adler, Opera Theatre's musical director, had found it necessary to omit Claggart's big aria; how Chotzinoff had objected that this aria was needed to provide the motivation for the villain's actions; and how "it was discovered . . . that we could compensate for the aria by showing Claggart in some evil visual action . . . that did in one minute what it would have taken ten minutes of music to do. The aria was never missed."

I might begin my comment on these statements by mentioning that Chaliapin's Boris was only one of many dramatic performances that came through to me in the top gallery of the Metropolitan. Certainly I would have got even more from his performance if I had been closer; but the next thing to say is that *Boris Godunov* can stand such intimacy, but that to be brought close to most operatic dramas, as one is by television and English translation, is to discover the advantage of being kept at a distance from them, as one is in the opera house and by the foreign languages. Who would spend an evening in the theatre for a performance of an English translation of the text of *I Puritani, Il Trovatore, Aida, Die Walkuere, Tristan and Isolde*? And who would want to understand every word of these texts as he listens to the music—rather than have a mere general idea of the developing dramatic situation which the music is concerned with?

THE fact is that opera is not drama but drama realized through music; that for the sake of the music we accept in the opera house dramatic nonsense that we wouldn't waste time on in the theatre; and that the less we are aware of the nonsense as we listen, the better for our experience of the music. Opera, I repeat, is not drama but drama realized through music; it is not just Claggart's villainous thoughts but these villainous thoughts communicated through the aria Chotzinoff omitted —which means that if one performs the opera one includes the aria, and if one substitutes for the aria an equivalent visual action one is not performing the opera. Similarly, if one performs *Pelleas et Melisande* one retains the orchestral entr'actes that Chotzinoff decided could be omitted from his televised production because they weren't needed to provide time for changes of scene—the reasons for keeping them being that they perform the important musico-dramatic function of taking the listener's mind from one scene and preparing it for the next, and that, as it happens, they do this with some of the most impressive music in the Debussy score.

As it happened, NBC-TV Opera Theatre's recent production of *The Magic Flute* was one of its best achievements. The cuts made to fit the work into the allotted two hours included music as important as the second-act trio of Pamina, Tamino and Sarastro and a large part of the scene of Tamino and the Two Armored Men; and the overture, instead of preparing the listener for the opera to come, served as a background for the credits at the end. But these were few and small defects in an outstandingly beautiful performance of the music, in which one heard not only the Queen of the Night's florid arias sung brilliantly by Laurel Hurley, but the music of Pamina, Tamino and Papageno sung for once with the suitably youthful voices of Leontyne Price, William Lewis and John Reardon.

The dramatic performance gained too from the youthful handsomeness of Lewis and the amusing face and comic gift of Reardon; but the Negro features of Miss Price were a disturbing incongruity at the close range of television which they wouldn't have been in the opera house. The scenes of spectacle, as I mentioned earlier, were made ineffective by the small televised image; and this amounts to saying that much of the potential profit from having Balanchine as stage director was lost. But the potential profit from having W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman produce the English text was largely realized. A great deal that is obscure in the opera house—the large philosophical ideas, the enmity of the Queen and Sarastro—remained obscure in this performance, in which even the English words at the close range of television often couldn't be understood. But what was clear in the spoken dialogue—the love of Pamina and Tamino, his submitting himself to the trials, the less high-minded preoccupations of Papageno—was made distinguished and at times delightful by Auden's and Kallman's words.

IF NBC-TV Opera Theatre were to produce a televised *I Puritani* in English we would discover the advantages of the American Opera Society's recent Town Hall performance in Italian, which allowed one to concentrate on the remarkable melodic structures Bellini created for Elvira and Arthur as these were sung by Laurel Hurley and Eugene Conley, and in which even the appearance of Conley's portly figure in

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the billowing folds of his evening clothes didn't lessen the sensational effect of his spectacular high notes. The other singers—Rosalind Elias, Donald Gramm, Louis Quilico—were much less impressive; and Arnold U. Gamson, though he conducted effectively in other ways, couldn't keep the orchestra from blanketing the singers occasionally.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOW THAT almost everyone admits Chekhov's genius as a dramatist, I must confess my own peculiar relation to him.

I have often harbored a certain speculative resistance to the *idea* of Chekhov. I prefer my drama spacious, high and bold—full of sonorous speech, hot action, splendor of color, effect and depth of meaning. In theory, I deplore the smallness of realism and the hushed inwardness and stammerings of that truncated world in which the road to great deeds has been blocked. In vain I tell myself that modern society cannot produce sound plays to the measure of abstract esthetic demands, since society itself does not produce the environment which might make our favorite kind of drama natural to it: I still hanker for something more than what the depressed middle class can create.

But all this theory thaws like snow in the sun when I sit before a reasonably competent production of a Chekhov play. He captivates me completely. I ask myself why: for he is not as eloquent or as abundant as Shakespeare, nor as compact as Sophocles, not as sweeping or as colorful as the romantics—neither is he as "affirmative" as we of so few convictions insist that all great artists must be.

I am reminded of the ancient text: "Upon the road I saw in the distance what looked like an animal. I went closer and saw it was a man; closer still I recognized my brother." Chekhov triumphs because the gentleness and goodness of his soul, the wit of his understanding, the acuteness of his observation are so balanced, so loving, so unemphatically honest, probing, discreet, economical and impeccably true in taste and tone that every moment of his plays is transformed into the most penetrating poetry.

Chekhov's realism is poetry. I do not know Russian, so I cannot speak about the quality of his language. But just because of this, I realize that dramatic poetry does not consist in the employment of verse or of any sort of language as such, but in a certain artistry whereby the dross of all stage mechanics, naturalistic data, psychological notation have been transfigured in the alembic of a great man's understanding and feeling. There is in Chekhov a great personal modesty withal. These serve to make for an apparently effortless perfection of dramatic craftsmanship beside which the slick technique of most other playwrights strikes one as the work of vulgar hacks.

David Ross, producer-director of the Chekhov cycle at the 4th Street Theatre, deserves all our praise for giving us the opportunity to see these plays sympathetically done one after another. There is moreover a wonderful feeling at his theatre as if audience and actors were sharing in a common admiration for the dramatist's creation.

MY RESPECT for Mr. Ross's enterprises, as well as for the actors who take part in them, is too genuine for me to suggest that they are altogether satisfying. In *Uncle Vanya*, Franchot Tone as Astrov acts better than he has in years: he reveals an almost subjectively poignant relationship to his part—a struggle both to express the agonized idealism of Chekhov's country doctor and to suppress it with pained acidity in a studiedly cynical boastfulness which is in itself tense with despair. The scene between Astrov and Sonia (played with delicate and touching truthfulness by Peggy McCay) marks the high point of the evening's acting. Very good too is Gerald Hiken as Telegin, the adorable nitwit so characteristic of Chekhov.

Yet for all this—and other good points and performances—there is a

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thinness in the production which derives only in part from a difference between the American and Russian mode of expression. It comes from an eagerness to prove Chekhov comic, which is just as misguided as to believe that his plays are nothing but a series of lamentations. The acting is often too directly related to the practical content of each event, whereas in Chekhov events serve only to set off the larger aspirations which motivate the characters. Chekhovian scenes are both sad and funny (and in the conventional sense neither funny nor sad) because the feelings within the characters are so much larger than the situations in which they find habitually themselves.

The staging and mood of the play's final moments seem to me inexcusably trite. They are based on an anxiety to reassure the audience that the play is not pessimistic. It is puerile not to understand that Chekhov's characters take on a stature beyond themselves precisely because their faith and hope persist even though there can be no alleviation of their own personal sorrow. Faith and hope founded chiefly on the expectation of success or victory for oneself is a blasphemy which condemns those who cling to them to a perpetual immaturity—and give "optimism" a bad name.

Letters

Religion on Campus

Dear Sirs: In Religion on the Campus in the January 7 issue, Stanley Rowland, Jr., points out accurately that the characteristics of interest in religion on the campus "are a searching and objective intellectual approach to religion and a certain aloofness toward the church." However, Mr. Rowland assumes that "the causes [of this interest] can be gathered under the headings of the insecurity of modern life and a disillusionment with scientific humanism." This idea is utterly unfounded in fact.

Mr. Rowland notes the contempt held for such glossy answers as those of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. It is because Peale offers security and comfort that his book is so popular generally; it is for the same reason that he is not very popular on the campus. Mr. Rowland points to the H-bomb, implying that college students are being frightened into religion. But it is not fear which leads to the "objective intellectual approach" to religion. Fear leads to the acceptance of "The Power of Positive Thinking" answers, not objective inquiry.

The reason that there is less scorn of religion is perhaps that religion contains less narrow doctrinism and more of the universal—of love. College students observe people connected with religion like Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr using reason to try to find real value and truth instead of bludgeoning with doctrines.

The on-campus interest in religion is valuable because it is not satisfied with platitudes. Youth is not tired and looking only for a place to be secure. Youth wants to enter into the adventure of life and live. Isn't it possible that college students were never illusioned with scientific humanism in the first place but that they are merely seeking answers to the eternal questions, to learn what is right and true?

BILL KENNEY

Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I think the climate of silence on the part of our campus people is a sign of the health of our coming leaderships. I do not think youth is bewildered; I think they are trying to think things out for themselves and are biding their time until some crystallizations appear. They are bent upon examining all the past angles of existence, including the religious ones, throwing some things away and keeping others, upon redefinition, reevaluation, and a deep and patient look at history. After reading this article I, for one, think the future is in good hands.

PHILIP SIEKEVITZ

Astoria, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I am intrigued by the observation to the effect that the college student reads of the insecure world with its new weapons, biological warfare and mushroom clouds and concludes that they do "not look to him like salvation through science or scientific humanism." But these have been developed at the instigation of our government leaders, who are responsible for the threat of their use. These people are not scientific humanists but Christians and Jews. The main group of protestants, if I am not mistaken, are the atomic scientists themselves, who would probably be classed as "scientific humanists."

BILL STEEL

Winnetka, Ill.

The Lighter Vein

Dear Sirs: I found Edgar Snow's "Herr Tin Lizzie" of December 3 most refreshing fare. Such factual information on a non-political subject is just what The Nation needs these days. While other magazines blare forth pollyanna-like "all's right with the world," The Nation all too often sounds an equally tiresome "all's wrong with the world," and for a weekly diet this becomes quite hard to swallow. Occasional—or even frequent—Nation articles in a somewhat lighter vein seem absolutely essential to this reader.

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed the article on the Volkswagen. May I give thanks for an article that is not strictly political and either pleading a Cause or inflating an incident into a Great Cause? Let's have some interesting trivia, a little less solemnity and a little more profundity.

JOHN C. KNECHT

Northbrook, Pa.

More on the Volkswagen

Dear Sirs: In Edgar Snow's highly interesting article about the Volkswagen in the December 3 issue I missed any reference to its designer, Ferdinand Porsche. Just as the "Tin Lizzie" owed its success to Henry Ford's automotive genius, so does the "little ladybug" owe its success to the largely self-taught Sudeten German Porsche who designed it.

Porsche never attended an institute of technology of university rank. In Vienna he made his first excursion into the automotive field by building, together with the Viennese coach-builder Ludwig Lohner, the Lohner-Porsche electromobil, which was a hit at the Paris automobile exposition of 1905. Porsche then worked for Austro-Daimler, where he designed for the Austrian army the first self-propelled heavy artillery pieces in the world, the 30.5 cm mortars of World War I fame.

After the First World War Porsche worked in Stuttgart as an independent consulting engineer. After the Second World War, the French took the Sudeten German designer as "reparations" to Paris, where he helped build the rear-engined Renault, still France's best-seller in the small-car class. Upon his return to Stuttgart he developed the first car to bear his own name, the Porsche sports car, using the engine and other parts of the Volkswagen. Porsche died two years ago in Stuttgart, after having witnessed the rise to world stardom of his favorite creation, the Volkswagen.

HANS FROEHLICH

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

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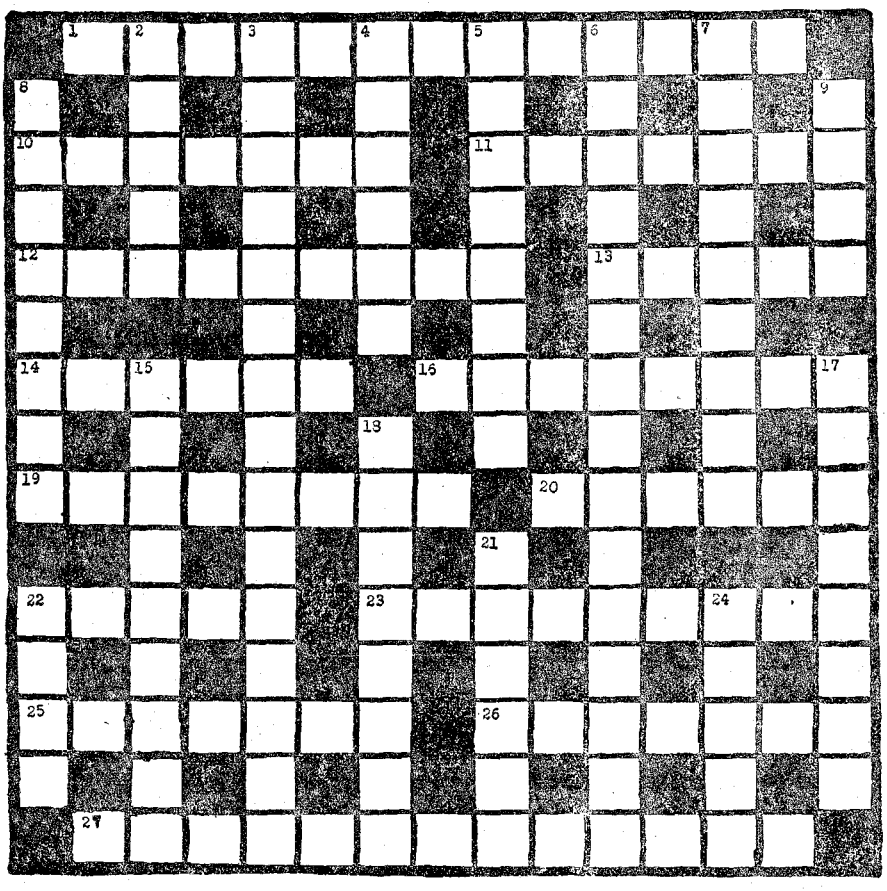
Crossword Puzzle No. 659

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Do they go faster helping out on a mission? (7, 6)

10 Is the character of a mole corrupt? (7)

11 "And raw in fields the rude _____ swarms, Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense." (Dryden) (7)

12 Does his stagework suggest a winning duck? (9)

13 Pertaining to the branch not primarily concerned with 1 or 11. (5),

14 Especially soft drinks around here (probably ending up with cider?) (6)

16 Is separating things from the mountain for protection or control? (8)

19 Hurrying out of the sunlight? (8)

20 Rates or berates. (6)

22 and 26 across Would such a plank be made of deal? (5, 2, 5)

23 Heavy brush. (9)

25 Handel's opera is a Muse of Comedy. (7)

26 See 22 across

27 Would just an ordinary mailman be one? (6, 7)

DOWN

2 Perfect and identical at both ends. (5)

3 One who keeps silent under heavy fire? (4-7, 4)

4 Does it involve what one might do to a donkey in sport? (6)

5 Help tamp paper, perhaps. (8)

6 Oceanographer, like Columbus? (Filled with principles, too!) (8, 7)

7 One who spends the summer might find it's over at once. (9)

8 Inscription or motto. (8)

9 and 18 down High or wide or at least not over 66 feet in addition. (4, 3, 5)

15 Is it a chop or something quite different to eat? (9) ,

17 Dissonance is usually so explained. (8)

18 See 9 down.

21 It's all right to bring it up in evidence. (For the State, that is!) (6) ,

22 Is 22 across so pig-headed? (4)

24 Concerning an American humorist or an English novelist. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 658

ACROSS: 1 POOR RICHARD; 9 SURE; 10 and 14 IN THE CLEAR; 12 OUR TOWN; 13 GOODMAN; 15 BETRAYAL; 16 NICHES; 18 TRAWLS; 21 ARBITERS; 24 ALMANAC; 26 and 25 TIME AND AGAIN; 28 HERA; 29 USING; 30 and 27 PLUMBING; 31 UNDERGROUND. DOWN: 2 OVERTHROW; 3 RAILWAY; 4 INTO; 5 HOEDOWN; 6 RABID; 7 SUTURE; 8 PALATE; 17 COTTER PIN; 19 ROLLER; 20 STATURE; 22 and 11 BRING TO BEAR; 23 RING UP.

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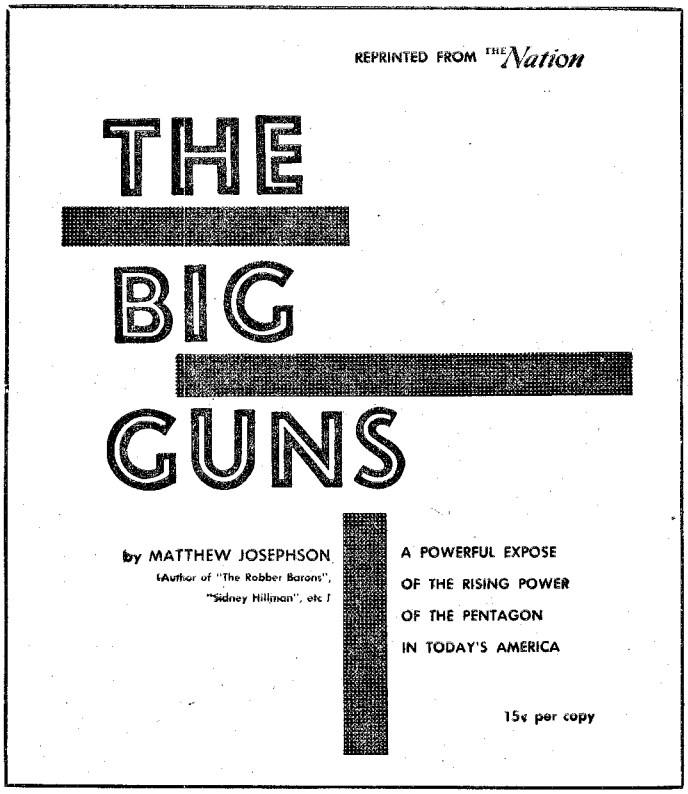

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